

A

POEM

ON THE

Late Glorious Success

Of His GRACE the

Duke of Ormond

By Andrew Marvell

LONDON

LONDON

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POPULAR

Late Glorious Success

OF THE

Duke of



OF THE

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A

POEM

ON THE

Late Glorious Success, &c.

NEAR *Albion's* Cliffs a pleasant Vale there lies,
 That forms a Prospect of the distant Skies;
 Along whose Banks the foaming Billows roar,
 Each Wave contending to embrace the Shore:
 That Favourite Shore which *Neptune* does inclose,
 And keeps secure from proud invading Foes.
 There Nymphs and Shepherds meet, a numerous Train,
 And all with various Business fill the Plain.
 Thither the good *Menalcus* came, to tell
 What mighty Blessings had our Isle befall;
 Straight he's surrounded by the Rural throng,
 With equal haste they press, both Old and Young,
 To catch the falling Accents from his Tongue.
 Whilst He the mighty *ORMOND's* Fame declares,
 The Darling of the Court, and Hero of the Wars.

MENAL-

M E N A L C U S.

Come Shepherds, come, and dedicate the Day,
 To rural Sports, to sing, to Dance, to Play:
 Come all ye Nymphs, your busie Hands employ,
 Each form a Garland to expresse your joy:
 On every Tree carve Loyal *Ormond's* Name,
 Teach all the warbling Birds to sing his Fame.
 You Sylvan Swains your Oaten Pipes prepare,
 And with your Musick fill the ambient Air;
 Sound loud your Notes, that all the World may hear
 What God-like Actions *Ormond* has perform'd;
 Methinks I see the Fortrefs when he storm'd!
 How like a Lyon rushing on his Prey,
 He bore down all that did oppose his Way.
 So have I seen a Field of standing Corn,
 By a tempestuous Wind in pieces torn.
 He, swift as Lightning, o're their Ramparts ran,
 Like *Mars* he charg'd, and acted more than Man.
 Fierce as the Wolf when he the Lamb pursues,
 Who flies for succour to the Harmless Ews,
 In hopes thereby t' escape his hungry Jaws,
 Whilst sure Destruction on the Flock he draws.
 In vain from strength the *Spaniards* hop'd Success,
 Courage is more than numbers in distress:

Th' impetuous Shock they streight prepar'd to shun,
 But e're they thought the Battel scarce begun,
 By valiant *Ormond's* Sword the Fort was won.

Here stopt *Menalcus*, whilst the Rustick Swains,
 With loud Huzza's fill'd all the Neighb'ring Plains :
 Long live, great *Ormond*, was the general sound,
 And Hills and Dales did *Ormond's* Name rebound.

ALEXIS.

Sing on, *Menalcus*, endless be thy Song,
 Nor cold the Air, nor will the time seem long:
 See how the listning Youths around thee crow'd,
 We all are still, nor will we breath aloud.
 The roaring Wind is hush'd in silent Caves,
 Thy News has still'd the Murmurs of the Waves;
 The welcome Tidings all with joy revere,
 And ev'ry Sense seems now employ'd to hear.
 Oh! give us more, still more of *Ormond's* Praise,
 'Till to his Fame we Deathless Trophies raise:
 Sing of the Line from whence the Hero came,
 Whose Life's recorded in the Book of Fame.

Long live, great *Ormond*, be the gen'ral sound,
 Whilst Hills and Dales great *Ormond's* Name rebound.

M E N A L C H U S.

From War-like *Ossy* Glorious *Ormond* sprung,
 So did his Father fight when I was young :
 To after Ages will his Fame abide,
 The *French*-man's Terror, but the *Britan's* Pride.
 Upon his Tomb Eternal Laurels grow,
 He now looks down, and sees himself below :
 In *Ormond* all his gallant Deeds revive,
 Nor seems he dead, whilst *Ormond* is alive;
 Whose Sword is always drawn for *England's* good,
 Without a thought of Int'rest gives his Blood :
 Honour's the Motive which his Soul excites,
 To toilsome Days of War, and watching Nights.
 That we might sleep, how oft has *Ormond* wak'd ?
 How oft, for us, both Life and Fortune stak'd ?
 To give us Peace he barter's all his own,
 For cold moist Camps forsakes his Beds of Down.
 Oh how can we such Noble Deeds repay,
 Haste then, ye Nymphs, with Flowers strow his way, }
 And each returning Year keep this a Holy-day.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with *Menalcus's* Law, the rustick Swains,
 With loud Huzza's fill'd all the Neighbouring Plains;
 Long live, great *Ormond*, was the general sound,
 And Hills and Dales did *Ormond's* Name rebound.

C L O R I S.

My Dear Companions of the Groves and Fields,
 Come, let us pluck what bounteous Nature yields;
 The Violet, Primrose and the Daffidil,
 And flow'ry Thyme that grows on yonder Hill;
 With these weave Chaplets to adorn his Brow,
 'Tis all our humble Station can allow.

Now sing, *Menalcus*, of *Pastora's* Charms,
 That glorious Nymph that fills our Hero's Arms.
 Whilst watching Echoes catch the joyful sounds,
 And Hills and Dales *Pastora's* Name rebounds.

MENAL-

M E N A L C U S.

Cou'd I in *Collen's* strain her worth rehearse,
 In Numbers sweet, and never dying Verse;
Pastora then my only Theam shou'd be:
 Inspire me *Spencer* how to copy thee;
 How to describe the best of Womankind,
 The Noblest Form and most majestick Mind:
 Fair as the first bright Nymph that grac'd the Day,
 Like Angels good, like springing Pastures gay.
 Chaste as *Diana*, Fruitful as the Vine,
 In Her a thousand matchless Graces join,
 Grant Heav'n, once more, a Son of *Ormond's* Line;
 That may defend our Flocks in time to come,
 When we forgotten lie in Death's cold Tomb.
 Let Nature still great *Ormond's* Place supply,
 To bless succeeding Worlds with Peace and Joy.
Menalcus stopt, and streight the Rural Swains,
 With loud Huzza's fill'd all the Neighb'ring Plains;
 Long live *Pastora*, was the gen'ral sound,
 And Hills and Dales the joyful Notes rebound.

F L O R I M E L.

This chearful Song for ever let's renew,
 We cannot say the half to O R M O N D due.
 Methinks I see him pass the Streets along,
 Surrounded by the joyful wondering throng.
 To these same lowly Plains the Voice I hear,
 Run o're the Lawns, and Echo in the Air;
 Whilst He, with modest Grace, receives th' Applause,
 And only glories in bright A N N A's Cause!
 A N N A, who views him with a kind regard;
 A N N A! who justly will such Worth reward.
 On H E R may Heav'n showre endless Blessings down,
 And raise such Heroes still to guard her Crown.

At this, again, the Loyal rustick Swains,
 With loud Huzza's fill'd all the neighbouring Plains,
 A N N A and Ormond was the gen'ral sound,
 A N N A and Ormond, Hills and Dales rebound.

C

C O R I D O N.

CORIDON.

Thus did my aged Father often pray,
 Oh! had he liv'd to have seen this happy Day,
 The choicest Kid that all his Flock cou'd yield,
 For joy that *Ormond's* safe, had streight been kill'd,
 To feast his fellow Silvens of the Field.
 Of all the Swains that grac'd the Court of *PAN*,
 I well remember *Ossery* was the Man,
 Of whom my Father spoke such mighty things;
 He'd sometimes call him the support of Kings:
 His gallant Acts 'gainst *France* he oft wou'd tell,
 Then wept to think how young the Hero fell;
 Then wip'd his Eyes, and blest his God-like Son,
 And told what wondrous things had *Ormond* done,
 And how like him immortal Honours won!
 A Heat, methought, through all my Vitals ran,
 A thousand times I wish'd my self a Man:
 That like a Shield I might preserve his Breast,
 The charming Pillow of *Pastora's* Rest.
 Led on by him, what Coward durst to fly?
 When he commands, who wou'd refuse to die?

Curst be the Man, tho ne're so great he be,
That can in Thought be *Ormond's* Enemy.

This pleas'd afresh, and all the rustick Swains;
With loud Huzza's fill'd all the neighbouring Plains
Long live, great *Ormond*, was the gen'ral sound,
And Hills and Dales did *Ormond's* Name rebound.

E I N I S.

191
I have been thinking of you
and the little things that
you have done for me.

The peace of mind and all the
other things that you have
done for me, I will never
forget. I am sure that you
will be happy to hear from
me again.

Yours
sincerely
A. N. S.